

my place on the front seat, and in a moment I took her station. In a minute or two my beautiful neighbour taking advantage of her husband's eye being turned, pulled off a glove to re-adjust her comb, and suffered her cashmere to fall off one shoulder, which she gathered round under the arm; and the husband being on the other side could not observe the fact, so that the glove and the shawl remained off during the rest of the performance. I had not an eye to the stage. On rising to depart, the husband said, "Perhaps I have a little chagrined you, my dear, your robe is so beautiful—but your health is every thing." "Oh! I have given you pleasure," she replied, "and that is every thing to me."

PORTRAIT OF A PARISIAN COQUETTE.
From a French Gazette.

I went with a friend to the new opera; we had scarcely taken our places in front of the Amphitheatre, when a beautiful elegante, accompanied by an elderly cavalier who it was easy to see was her husband, took the second row, (by the by, English gentlemen would have yielded to the lady and her husband the front seat.) The lady was beautiful, her tourneure distinguished, her toilette elegant, and an air of languishing candour and enchanting amenity, struck every spectator. The heat induced her to take off her hat, and we discovered the most superb comb of polished steel terminating in points of diamonds. Presently, a buckle of hair escaping from the comb, obliged her to take off a glove, and left us to admire a hand and arm of the most polished symmetry, and of the most healthful freshness, enriched with precious rings and bracelets. The arm was exposed to the shoulder. It no doubt cost her some pains to conceal for a time her finely turned neck, but it was necessary that her rich cashmere should produce this effect. At length, however, the cashmere dropped, and discovered the finest shoulders in the world, and a bosom the most seductive. Neither my companion nor I could avoid from time to time, in audible whispers, to praise short sleeves, naked shoulders, and ornamented necks—compliments which did not escape the attention of the lady and her husband. The latter, perhaps, found the air, from the occasional opening of the door, a little too keen, and he said with great sweetness, "Ma bonne Amie, I entreat you to draw on your shawl and your gloves." "I assure you," she said in return, "I do not feel the air from the door; but yet I thank you for your attention, and I will instantly give you a proof of it, my love." And in less than a minute we could see nothing. Happily for me, a little old lady was placed by the side of the elegante. I offered her

it is the home I have promised to bring you to, and you are the Countess of Exeter!" It is said the shock of this discovery was too much for this young creature, and that she never recovered it. It was a sensation worth dying for. Ye *Thousand and One Tales of the Arabian Night's Entertainment!* hide your diminished heads! I never wished to have been a lord but when I think of this story.

A PRETTY STORY.

The late Earl of Exeter had been divorced from his first wife, a woman of fashion, and of somewhat more gaiety of manners than "lords who love their ladies like."—He determined to seek out a second wife in a humbler sphere of life, and that it should be one who having no knowledge of his rank, should love him for himself alone. For this purpose, he went and settled *incognito* (under the name of Mr. Jones) at Hordnet, an obscure village in Shropshire. He made overtures to one or two damsels in the neighborhood, but they were too knowing to be taken in by him. His manners were not boorish, his mode of life was retired, it was too odd how he got his livelihood, and at last, he began to be taken for a highwayman. In this dilemma he turned to Miss Hoggins, the eldest daughter of a small farmer, at whose house he lodged. Miss Hoggins, it might seem, had not been used to romp with the clowns: there was something in the manners of their quiet, but eccentric guest, that she liked. As he found that he had inspired her with that kind of regard which he wished for, he made honorable proposals to her, and at the end of some months, they were married, without his letting her know who he was. They set off in a post-chaise from his father's house, and travelled across the country. In this manner, they arrived at Stamford, and passed through the town without stopping till they came to the entrance of Burleigh-Park, which is on the outside of it. The gates flew open, the chaise entered, and drove down the long avenue of trees that leads up to the front of this fine old mansion.—As they drew nearer to it, and she seemed a little surprised where they were going, he said, "Well, my dear, this is Burleigh-House,

Anecdotes, Epitaphs, Epigrams and Whims, ORIGINAL AND SELECTED, By a Correspondent.

A peasant who was hawking through Florence a load of firewood, often exclaimed, as he went along, "*Take care—take care!*"—a surly citizen who would not stand out of the way, struck against him, and tore his cloak. Immediately he hurried the peasant before a magistrate, who having heard the sufferer's complaint, asked the peasant if it was true; to which he made no reply.—Then turning to the plaintiff, he said, "In what manner do you wish I should punish this dumb man?" "This dumb man! he is not dumb, (replied the citizen,) for only a little while ago he cried with a loud voice, *take care, take care.*" "If you had observed that caution, (said the magistrate,) your cloak would not have been torn."

Barrymore happening to come late to the theatre one evening, and having to dress for his part, was driven to the last moment, when, to heighten his perplexity, the key of his drawer was missing. "D—n it," says he, "I must have swallowed it." "Never mind," replied Bannister coolly, "if you have swallowed the key—it will serve to open your chest."

Mr. Whitely, manager of a country theatre, having constantly an eye to his *interest*, one evening during the performance of Richard III. gave a tolerable proof of that being his leading principle. Representing the crook'd back'd tyrant, he exclaimed, "Hence, babbling dreams! you threaten here in vain—Conscience avaunt!"—"That man in the brown wig there has got into the pit without paying"—"Richard's himself again"

A conceited colonel in the Cavalry lately complained that from the ignorance of his officers, he was obliged to do the whole duty of the regiment; "I am, (said he) my own captain, my own cornet"—"and your own trumpeter!" said a witty lady.

Retort Courteous—given by Mr. Kemble, when at York, to a grocer, who had persecuted him.

Nipweight, a grocer of the chosen few,
 At night, from shop and worldly cares withdrew;
 And having for his soul's edification,
 Por'd o'er a chapter of the Revelation—
 He shut the book, unspectacled his nose,
 And calling his apprentice as he rose,
 "Have you the Currants treacled well, good John?"
 "Yes, Sir"—"Tobacco wet?"—"Tis done"—
 "The Sugar flour'd?"—"It is"—"Then come
 up stairs,
 And like good christians, let us go to prayers!"

Extempore.—A gentleman, painfully affected with the gout, during an intermission of his torture struck off the following pleasant impromptu:
 When Satan of old was permitted to worry,
 To torture and tease honest Job—*patient* Job,
 Old Nick was a fool—or too much in a hurry,
 More wise, he'd have giv'n him a touch of the gout.

Epitaph on W. E. a blacksmith.

Hammer and anvil ceas'd at once to sound,
 When cruel Death brought Vulcan to the ground;
 No vice had he but what held iron fast,
 For he adhered to Virtue to the last.

Great Revenge.

A gentleman whose spouse was sick,
 Happening, by some unlucky trick,
 Old doctor Radcliffe to affront,
 The warty quack grew hot upon't,
 Swore he would make him an example
 Of great revenge, severe and ample,
 Then to embitter all his life,
 Doubled his care and cured his wife.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE ADVENTURES OF AN AUTHOR.

"*Thereby hangs a tale; I'll tell it.*"—G. COLEMAN.

It was about four years ago, on a dark, gloomy day in December, that I was first attacked with that troublesome disease, commonly known by the name of the "*scribbling itch*."—It is scarcely necessary in this enlightened age, to inform thee, gentle reader, of the symptoms, as thou art doubtless acquainted with them already; for few mortals perform their peregrinations through this world without feeling, at seasons, a great desire to communicate to their fellow travellers, counsel or advice upon some favourite topic.

In the days of the fathers, this distressing feeling was not unfrequently relieved by the publication of a folio, or two or three quarto volumes—some of which preserved from the fangs of the grocers and trunkmakers, still serve to fill the shelves of learned and curious gentlemen. But after a lapse of years it was discovered that these ponderous tomes, were not well calculated to diffuse light and knowledge among the sons and daughters of men; seeing that few could spare money to buy, or leisure to peruse, such voluminous productions. But in our glorious day, all obstacles of this nature are entirely removed—Weekly, Monthly, Quarterly Magazines, and daily Newspapers without number, are combining to spread information and amusement to the pilgrims through this "vain and transitory world," and like the obliging *weather-cocks* of New-Amsterdam, allow every man "a wind to his own liking"—an insight into the mighty workings of this "nether world," in a style and manner adapted to his means and capacity.—Now what can be more natural than that we should occasionally feel disposed to cast our mite into some of these "literary treasures," and see our lucubrations gracing a column in "*small pica*," with a fictitious signature at the bottom—and then to hear the various comments made upon them (if they should be so fortunate as to attract any notice at all,) affords infinite satisfaction to the Tyro, who can scarce refrain from disclosing his momentous secret, and informing his *particular friends*, that he is in fact *the author*—Thus it is that obliging editors are enabled to furnish us with such a variety of matter—the production of muses, *fledg'd* and *unfledg'd*—essays and disquisitions, long and short—from an erudite "*enquiry into the causes of yellow fever*" down to the humble paragraph on the "*best manner of curing hums*," or killing "*cockroaches*."—Well, as I was saying, on a dark gloomy afternoon in December, while sitting by the stove at our store, the dormant energies of my mind were suddenly called forth by reading in the morning's paper, an account of the removal of General Montgomery's remains from Quebec, to be interred in New-York.—The account of this officer's death I had read frequently with great interest, and now determined to compose a *short poem* in commemoration thereof. Accordingly I took down a sheet of paper, wrote a few lines, scratched them out, and tried again and again; so that by dint of perseverance I had completed, ere it was dark, *three whole stanzas*. As soon as the store was shut I hastened home—swallowed my supper, and there being company in the parlour, I effected a retreat into the kitchen, seated myself at the table, and recommenced my poetic labours with great vigour, notwithstanding our black Sam was reading, "The house that Jack built," in a very sonorous voice, to the Cook, who occasionally expressed her approbation by a loud horse laugh.—I say notwithstanding all this, my work progressed beyond my expectation, and would certainly have been finished before bed-time, had I not been called to wait on an old maiden aunt, who lived about a mile up town! This was death to my hopes for the present—but I could not help it, and so slipped my manuscript under a warming pan at the top of the dresser, to prevent its being seen by the family, and shivered home with my aunt, before a keen north-wester—comforted by the reflection, that trouble and disappointment had been the lot of all authors, from the earliest ages down to the present day. The next evening I repaired to the kitchen elated with the hope of having my piece ready for the "*letter box*" very soon—But oh! how delusive are all human calculations—I raised the warming pan—my manuscript was not there,—I sought "above, around, beneath," but it was no where to be found.—I awoke Sam, who was snoring away in one corner, with his mouth open, and enquired if he knew what had become of it—after rubbing his eyes for some time, he whined forth "that Dolly pulled down a piece of paper what had riten on it, but nobody know'd what it wuz, and so she singed the chuck'ns with it this mornin'."—Alas! what was to be done—I sat for some time mourning in silence over the first-born child of my imagination, thus brought to a violent and untimely end—My reverie was at length interrupted by Sam's saying, "he dident think it was all burnt neither, but guess'd there was a piece wrapp'd round the parlour candle."—I accordingly dispatched him for the remnant, and judge of my feelings when I discovered, that the paper having been torn lengthways, the piece now before me, contained the latter part of every stanza! so that with the aid of my memory, I copied the whole over, on a nice sheet of paper, and made considerable additions, so that it was now (in my own opinion) a very decent composition, and consisted of just fifteen stanzas; but in my hurry to have done with it, I reached forth for the sand-box—made a small mistake—and emptied the whole contents of the *ink-stund* on my *paper*, from whence the ink very naturally ran down and flooded my best pair of drab pantaloons—They of course must come off immediately, and be soaked in water; but it so happened that at this time I had but one more pair suitable for the season, and they being grievously rent, were now repairing in the parlour.—As I was not willing to disclose my misfortunes to the family, I slipped on *Nankeens*—came down, and nothing daunted, set to work and copied my poem for the third time—it was finished, folded and indorsed, a little before 10 o'clock, and I sallied out for the office of the ——— Gazette. "The snow was now falling fast," the wind howled fiercely around me, and my poor legs suffered immensely. When I arrived within a short distance of my place of destination, I discovered the editor and another gentleman conversing at the door—fearful of being discovered, I shrunk up a neighbouring alley, where I stood shivering till the clock struck 10, and the men separated—stepping boldly forth I deposited my communication in the letter box—walked slowly for some distance to avoid suspicion, and then set off at full speed towards home. But my evening misfortunes were not yet finished, for after running some time, my feet slipped on a cake of ice—I fell sprawling, and skinned my leg most villainously against the curb-stone; while to add to my mortification two young blackguards on the opposite side of the way, hooted after me till I was out of sight.—All the following day I could think of nothing but my poetry, and the handsome style in which it would appear in the next morning's paper; I even went so far as to cast out several broad hints to acquaintances, of my having become an *author*, and to one *femole friend* disclosed the whole secret, and bid her look out for "*Carac*" in the ——— Gazette.

That night I dreamed of being in a large company, composed principally of females—the con-

versation turned upon poetry—a lady mentioned that an elegant piece had been published in the ——— paper—it was produced, read—and behold it was my own. Presently all eyes turned towards me, and by the whispering which went round the room, I soon found that my *fair friend* had turned informer—O! ye authors! great and small, who have ever had the happiness of hearing your works praised by the multitude, judge of my feelings at this moment!—they were so powerful as to awake me—It was broad day light—I jumped up—dressed myself, and hurried round to the store—seized the newspaper, spread it on the counter, and lo—my piece was not in it!! Horror and mortification seized upon me—I turned away and walked up and down the floor in great perturbation; came back—examined the Gazette over again, and in one corner I found—not indeed my poetry, but the following editorial paragraph:—
"The lines on the death of General Montgomery, by *Carac* were used by our *devil*, this morning for lighting the office fire.—We beg to be excused from similar favours, until we are in want of more *waste paper*." PECCAVI.

grave—the lamp of life was extinguished—it could not bear up against the trial—he died of a BROKEN HEART. I have seen an *Atheist* die; I have seen him imploring for mercy which could not be granted him—I have seen him die in despair. I have seen a *drowning* man gaze with ghastly looks—I have seen him, fast sinking, endeavour to grasp at a rope which was thrown in his way, then *miss it*, and sink to rise no more.—I have seen the *Blasphemer* struck dead by the avenging bolt of Heaven! Many, many scenes of distress have I seen—but never, never saw I a scene so awfully grand and impressive as was the present. The Sun, which had before hid himself as if to commiserate the misery of a poor mortal, now darted forth with unusual splendour, and seemed to say, *in death they were happy*.—But here let us draw a veil over the affecting recital. When I returned to the inn for the night, it being my intention to proceed early the next morning to a celebrated watering place, where I purposed remaining some time to enjoy my favourite amusement of fishing in the lake, and seeing the beauties of a country so extolled for its scenery, I was enabled to gather some of the most striking events in the history of the old gentleman, whose melancholy fate seemed to excite the liveliest sensibility among the villagers, his neighbours and friends.

Mr. Munford, with his lovely daughter, a young lady about the age of 22, had rented a small neat cottage on the road side, but three years since. By his manners and address it was easily to perceive he had been reared in the midst of polished society—of the daughter,

“ Oh ! never was a form so delicate
Fashioned in dream or story, to create
Wonder and love in man.”

“ She was very fair—and her thick tresses were
Of the bright colour of the light of day;
Her eyes were like the Dove’s, like Hebe’s, or
The maiden moon, or star-light seen afar.

Her brow
Was darker than her hair, and arched and fine;
And sunny smiles would often, often shine
Over her mouth, from which came sounds more
sweet

Than dying winds, and waters when they meet
Gently, and seem telling and talking o’er
The silence they so long had kept before”—

She was accomplished—and to those amiable and Christian virtues which adorn the female character, she added superiority of understanding and a mind intelligent and elevated, together with the most affable and engaging disposition. The motives which induced them to retire into the country, were learned soon after their arrival. Mr. Munford, had been possessed of an ample fortune, and resided in London—he understood the value of riches, and therefore maintained that happy medium between extravagance and parsimony which so few persons comprehend, or understanding pay due attention to—but being prevailed upon to enter into a speculation with a young gentleman, a suitor of his daughter, and to whom she was engaged to be married, the scheme had failed, which proved a dreadful precursor to the ruin of their peace and happiness. The lover, distracted at the losses which ensued, in a moment of phrenzy, took a pistol and put an end to his existence. With the small portion which was left to them, they retired to a small remote child, quitted a scene fraught with so much misery. What is most worthy of remark, was the extreme love they bore for each other. Together they administered to the necessities of the poor, and the daughter’s constant endeavour was to chase away from the recollection of a fond parent the retrospect of his misfortunes—while

“ She bow’d her head in quietness—she knew
Her blighted prospects could revive no more,
Yet she was calm for she had Heaven in view.”

And “ never told *her* tale,
But let concealment like a worm in the bud,
Feed on her damask cheek.”

Two days ago, the affectionate Maid, who ever since the fatal ruin of her hopes had been gradually wearing away in a decline, took her flight to Heaven ! The sequel of the story has been told.

* * * * * I sought my pillow, oppressed and sick at my inmost heart at what I had witnessed and heard.
R. E.

THE OBSERVER—No. II. *Varium et mutabile semper.*—Virgil.

[For the Saturday Evening Post.]

THE GRAVE.

A PLAIN UNVARNISHED TALE.

It was during my tour through the northern part of England, that in passing through the small village of M——, where I intended staying for the night, my attention was arrested by a small procession crossing the road, and entering a church yard. The deep gloom and heart-felt sympathy that appeared impressed on all their countenances created within me a desire to know whom it was they were conveying to the Grave. The only mourner was an aged man, who might be about sixty years old—his countenance was such a one as is calculated to awaken interest in the mind of the beholder—the downcast look, the convulsive agitation, and the deep expression of sorrow, led me to conceive that the deceased must have been very near to him. The followers entered slowly, and formed themselves round the remains of the departed spirit, which were placed beside the opening ready to receive them. The Divine that attended delivered a very appropriate, simple, eloquent and pathetic discourse, from these words, “The Lord loveth whom he chasteneth”—which, at times, was interrupted by the audible moans of the spectators, and the half-surpressed groans of the aged relative. The man of God ceased—a death-like silence reigned around—like that when we pause in anxious suspense to hear the last words of a dying friend. The coffin was lowered, and they were about to cover it over, when the old man exclaimed: “Not yet, not yet!” and sunk on his knees beside the grave. “ Oh ! beloved offspring of my dear Mary, thou art gone to meet thy mother in realms of endless bliss—pardon me Almighty power for repining at thy will !” Here he stopped, and all was again silent—at length, as if some new recollection had crossed him, he began—“Who will now present the new blown rose to me—no one. Who now, to chase away the gloomy apprehensions of my mind, will lead me to view the beauties of nature—no one. Who, when on the bed of sickness, will watch and administer unto me like thee—none, none. Alone and wretched, I shall wander about like the dove that has lost its mate. I cannot bear it”—he wept—all *all* wept. The females covered their faces and sobbed aloud—the big tears of manly sorrow chased each other in quick succession down the sun-burnt faces of the men. A mist passed over the scene—and, to use a borrowed idea, *he* beheld the scene and wept behind the cloud. The agitation already undergone was too great for the mind of the sufferer—Reason had forsaken its seat—he was no longer sane. “Cover Mary up!” cried he—“The wind is chilly—lie still—I’ll soon be with thee, sweetest—she speaks not ! Listen, thy father calls—ah ! she hears me not. Look there, look there—look she beckons me.—I come, Mary, I come—she hears, she smiles—Oh ! it grows cold—cold—very cold”—at the close of these words, he fell prostrate near the

struction was bestowed on her, which the country, in which she was born, could afford. Possessed of the greatest endowments, her mind anticipated the lessons of her teachers; and at the age of fifteen, she was acknowledged to be both beautiful in person, and accomplished in mind. Pride acknowledged her acquisitions, and even envy confessed the graces and merits of Elvira.

But at this period her trials commenced. In the space of three days she was deprived of both her parents. How calamitous was her situation! how extreme was her grief! The truly filial heart alone can entertain an adequate idea of her anguish. She had attended them with solicitude, during their sickness, wept over their coffins with true piety, and still venerated their memory with the most ardent affection. She was then not conscious, that the public office which was occupied by her father, had administered support to the family. Without the levity, but with the hopes, which are natural to youth, she had looked forward to competency, and occasionally to affluence. From the bosom of an affectionate mother, she had imbibed delicacy; and on the knee of her father, she had been taught to exult in a prospect of wealth.

How distressing, for a period, were the feelings of the maiden! As a daughter she endured extreme anguish; and found herself exposed to all the difficulties of a dependent situation. No relation proffered assistance; and after the sale of her father's effects, (every deduction having been made) her guardian discovered, that only fifty pounds remained. He gave her that counsel which was worthy of the office he had undertaken, and received her into his house. So sweet was the disposition, so mild was the deportment of Elvira, that she conciliated the esteem of all with whom she conversed. She was fully convinced of the narrowness of her circumstances; and therefore founded her expectations on propriety of appearance, facility of mind, and rectitude of heart. But shortly society was deprived of the amiable consort of her guardian. In her she lost, a second time, a tender mother.

A few weeks after this mournful event her guardian was hurried out of existence by a fever; but before he expired, he requested an interview. She attended his summons. After a short conversation, he sent for Hilario, his nephew. As they sat at his bed-side, he thus addressed them. "But a few days ago I regularly made a will, which entitles you to equal shares of my property. May that property, in this instance, continue undivided." He scarcely had ceased to speak, before he expired. His meaning was understood. After due respect had been paid to his memory, Hilario paid his addresses to Elvira. She was far from being insensible to his merit; and, mindful of the last admonition of her guardian, bestowed her heart and her hand according to the dictates of prudence, and the sentiments of love.

She continued four years to exhibit an illustrious example of conjugal and maternal affection; when the world was deprived of her virtues. Yet her memory must be ever revered, especially when we recollect, that she was not abject in adversity, nor insolent in prosperity; and that she in the most exemplary manner, discharged the duties of the daughter, the wife, the mother, and the christian.

The Prudent Woman ;
 OR, THE HISTORY OF ELVIRA.

But a few minutes ago, the breath departed from her mortal frame, and Elvira became an inanimate piece of clay. Her children weep around her body, and her husband expresses that sensibility, which has ever characterised his life. Her relatives will lament her decease, and humanity will long remember her virtues. Let me explain, and endeavour justly to applaud the talents and virtues of Elvira. She was the daughter of a man who opposed the torrent of adversity, with industry and fortitude. He struggled for his family with success, and experienced from them in his age that affection and duty, which enables us to endure the woes of age, with tranquillity and resignation. Often did he snatch her with parental ardour, from the bosom of her affectionate mother, and as often was she reconveyed to the source of nourishment and comfort, by maternal solicitude.

As she advanced in years, her education was attended to with affection, under the guidance of reason. Every degree of in

THE HOUSE OF MOURNING.

While travelling through a lonely forest of the western country, I came to a solitary cottage, partly shaded by stately trees. On my arrival at the door, I knocked upon the post; a person stepped forward; drew aside a blanket that served as a door, and bade me come in: I went in, sat upon a bench, and reclined against the side of this rustic dwelling; when, looking round me, lo! it was *the house of mourning*.

There, in one corner, on a bed of straw, in benumbed death's chill embrace, lay the wasted remains of an affectionate husband and protecting parent. A melancholy sensation unavoidably pervaded my mind.—But a few hours since, his *mortal* existence trembling on the verge of dissolution—at length, dropped into the vapory oblivion of unknown; and his *immortal* existence rose on soaring ideal pinions to Him who gave it.

Yes—he is progressing in that measureless journey from which “no traveller returns;” he has left his relations and changing pleasures, and gone far, far from this tabernacle of mourning—No more shall he groan under the racking pains of sickness; no more shall the sorrows of this woe-worn world canker his felicity.

While thus reflecting on a sublime futurity, a neighbor entered this solemn and silent house of death; he recalled my mind to the gloom of mortality; I again looked round on the members of this sorrowing family. Here sat a weeping companion, absorbed in the profusion of grief; holding a smiling infant that had not yet learned its own mortality, or realized the bitter dregs of human woe. There leaned a child against the chimney corner, and oft turned her eyes towards her lifeless father, while a filial tear would trickle down her tender cheek. All, all seemed as living monuments to declare the event of death; and, though mantled in silence, yet they manifested a realization which no tongue could express.

Having rested a short time, I rose and went out. It was the Sabbath; the sky was clear, and the sun had passed the meridian—I again resumed my journey, and as I walked along through the little opening that encircled the rustic domicile, and looked on the labor of him whose body was now mouldering away, to mingle with the common elements of our mother earth, I was again wrought up in pleasing and melancholy contemplation—that all the works of our labor will soon know us no more for ever; and as I entered the lonely woods, whose leafy trees shaded my path, methought I was entering the “valley and shadow of death.” And while recollection recalls to my mind the joys and sorrows I have seen, I shall never forget *the house of mourning*.

VIATOR.

you take any thing less than seventeen dollars for it?" "I cannot I assure you, Madam, or I would with pleasure?" "Don't you think, sister, the one we saw below was larger for fifteen dollars?" "La! Yes, Louisa, I am sure it was, and of a much better quality." "Will you take that price for yours, sir?" "It really cost me more, Ma'am, but you shall have it, however, for sixteen."

"Indeed I should not like to give more than I have seen them for—but if you will take fifteen!"

"O well, Ma'am, you shall have it."

"Just lay it aside if you please, and I will call with the person it is for, in a few days! Don't sell it, Sir, I shall certainly call:—Good afternoon!"

"Very good;—good afternoon!" ridiculed the disappointed shopman, with a smile upon his lips that could scarcely repress the chagrin that struggled for utterance, while the Ladies left the store with much composure.

Anxious to hear how they would excuse themselves, I continued my disguise, and followed them out.

"Why, sister," said one who had not yet spoken, and who, from her appearance, I considered the most amiable—"what induced you to give the poor man so much trouble? You did not want to buy!" "Poh, child, (replied the elder sister,) they are used to it: besides, Cousin Rachel will be married in a few months, and perhaps she may then want something of the kind."

Exasperated at such conduct, I ran into the street, and getting my paws muddled, began to frisk fondly round her. "O, get out you brute! —Do look here, sister, how the dirty creature has soil'd my coat—it will never be fit to be dressed in. I declare I won't go out shopping these six months—I am always sure to get my clothes painted or dirtied in some way."

As I considered this sufficient revenge for the trouble she had given, I left them and hastened to communicate this uncommon adventure to you.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE INVISIBLE SCRIBE.

Messrs. Editors—

You will, doubtless, be surprised at receiving an epistle from one who, except in the loftiness of his station and the excursive-ness of his flight, bears little resemblance to an author. My numerous avocations will not, at present, afford me an opportunity of explaining the causes which occasioned this, or of giving you any insight into my character or accomplishments. In my next I may gratify your curiosity, by enlarging on this point, therefore, by way of an elucidatory remark, I shall merely observe, that I am one of those invisible beings who watch over the affairs of mankind, mingling in their pursuits and amusements, and possessing the peculiar property of assuming any shape, or of remaining perfectly unseen.

As I was engaged in my usual employment this morning, my attention was attracted by a group of Ladies who were in ——— street, apparently engaged in some momentous business. Feeling a desire to discover what important motives could actuate their fair persons in this instance, and occasion the unceasing volubility which they appeared to display, I assumed the shape of a small dog, and followed their footsteps undiscovered. In a few minutes they turned into a Dry-goods store, and requested of the shopman to look at some counterpanes. The obliging attendant sprang forward with the utmost alacrity to comply with their demands, and in an instant the spacious counter was covered with these articles, arranged in the most enticing manner. After examining and re-examining the whole, none of the goods would suit, as one was too large, another too small—one was much finer than they wished, another was quite inferior—while some was too cheap to be good, and all were too dear, so they concluded to leave the shop.

A door or two further on, they paused to enter, and, while yet near the steps, one of them said, "Louisa, now you must ask!" "O, I do not wish to buy any thing, (replied Louisa,) for I only took a walk to keep company, and besides, sister, you are a very good hand to converse with the shop boys." "Ah, ha! you only went for the sake of company?—or, perhaps, to see the fine lads and store-keepers!" This retort seem'd to ruffle Louisa's temper a little, and she answered, "Well! and you wanted to show your handsome dress and figure—Why not?" The sentence was finished, and they all three sallied in. "Have you any counterpanes?" They could with difficulty refrain from laughing, while the eager shopman readily obeyed their request, and handed down some of his choicest parcels. "What size, price or quality do you wish, Miss?" "O, let me see some of different qualities." Here they recommenced a critical investigation of each particular one, as they had previously done in the other store. After much attention on the part of the seller, and a necessary scrutiny by his fair customers, they appeared delighted with one, the elegance of which they acknowledged rarely to have seen surpassed. The countenance of the owner brightened at this declaration, and he appeared to enjoy in anticipation the prospect of an immediate sale for his counterpane. "Shall I put this up for you, ma'am? You appeared to be pleased with it." "Not at present, sir. Can't

THE NEW YEAR.

We have now commenced on the journey of another year—and few are able to look back upon that which has just past without mingled emotions of pleasure and of grief. We are pleased on reviewing the blessings we have enjoyed, and are grieved at the recollection of the time we have mis-spent, of the adversities we have experienced, of the friends we have lost, and of the follies and vices of which we have been guilty. The events, that have passed shall return no more. Nothing is now left of the last year, but the remembrance of it, and our account of the use of it that we must one day render to our Maker. The numerous scenes of worldly delight in which we have been actors, the parties we have frequented, the feasts we have attended, and the vain display of ourselves which we have often made, now afford us no satisfaction. Our good deeds, our religious improvement, are the only circumstances, on which we can reflect with complacency. From the past year we may learn much wisdom by weighing impartially the different amusements in which we have indulged, and by determining to follow, for the future, such as are of the truest value. Should we do this, our footsteps will immediately seek the path of RELIGION, whose ways are the sources of contentment and peace—little, then, would we suffer from the deceptions of the malevolent, or the frowns of the rich victim of avarice. We shall be carried towards Heaven upon the wings of every moment, and close our years and our lives with the approbation of our consciences. We know that beauty must fade and become a mouldering ruin—that rank, and fame, and wealth may now flatter our pride for a day, but must be taken from us at death, and will then appear as dust in the balance without weight, and without regard—that we are all travelling towards the grave—that soon the world will be destroyed, and there shall be no longer—but notwithstanding all this, our virtues shall flourish in immortality—and the soul, never-dying, rise at the trumpet call, to hear the decrees of Omnipotence. On the decay of the old year, and on the birth of a new one, we should seriously reflect upon these things, and from some new religious resolutions, that we may possess virtues that shall survive the destruction of Time, and through the merits of our Saviour, procure us a glorious Eternity.

ward rode the spectre, and with the same velocity the vessel followed.

At length, the occasional pauses in the blast, and the more unfrequent peals of the thunderbolt, gave indication of the tempest's close. The day dawned, and the sun looked on the wave tossed vessel thro' a watery veil. As the day further advanced the storm died gradually away, and the sea re-assumed its glassy tranquillity. The sun burst in unclouded glory, and the re-animated crew betook themselves to the repair of the vessel. But still the spectre glided before them, and still he motioned them onward. The ship lay too for a moment, when he seemed to rise still farther from the water, and angrily beckoned. The captain, freed from the alarm created by the tempest, became more agitated: and seizing the helm, for the spirit still kept immediately before them, turned the vessel in a contrary direction. Still Donald maintained his station.—The day was fast waning when the crew beheld the spectre suddenly raise himself completely from the ocean, and stood on it, as firm as if it was the deck on which they trode. But it was for a moment only, and he then disappeared forever. The brig reached the place and immediately struck upon a rock. In despair the captain ordered out the boats, but before the command could be complied with, the vessel sunk, and the dark wave rolled over her and the crew.

RAYMOND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE OCEAN SPIRIT.

It was early in the year 1700, the good brig the Enterprize, sailed from a port in the North of Ireland for the Mediterranean.—The vessel was richly laden, and reached the place of her destination in safety, where, having embarked another cargo, she weighed her anchor on her return. When within a few days sail of Gibraltar, an altercation took place between the captain of the brig and one of his crew, named Donald Morvan, in the course of which the seaman received a blow which felled him overboard. Every exertion was made to rescue him, but in vain, for the waves had engulf'd him.—A favourable gale had blown through the day, but on the evening following, the eye of the experienced mariner could discover the dark storm cloud lowering on the face of the ocean, and as the night still further advanced, it became darker and heavier—it slowly ascended, and when in the eyes of the terrified seamen it had appeared to gain the centre of the heavens, it paused. A gleam of fire momentarily played across it, and the storm cloud burst.—The burthened vessel laboured fearfully in the tempest—the starting of the planks, the roar of the hurricane, the lucid splendour of the lightning, the deep toned voice of heaven speaking in the thunder, and the agonized scream of one of the crew, at that moment washed from the deck, all conspired to render the scene awful beyond description.—To escape death now seemed inevitable, and the horror struck crew lashed each other to the masts, or the railing, and awaited in anxious agony the consummation of the whole.—The vessel drifted at the mercy of the waves.

The commander of the brig was on the quarter deck, earnestly engaged in examining the lashings which secured him to the mizen mast, when an exclamation of terror from the forecastle drew his attention. The constant and uninterrupted succession of the lightning's flashes rendered every object perfectly visible—he looked over the bow head, and on the wave immediately preceding the vessel, Donald Morvan, breast high in the water, rode as in triumph. The countenance still bore the impress of death, and gloomed terribly on the captain, who gazed in terror upon him. He beckoned forward—The vessel, as if attracted by magic, pursued him at a headlong rate. The spectre seaman mounted a lofty wave and the brig followed—he rushed down into a fearful abyss and after it swept the ship—And ever, as the flash of the lightning fell more directly upon it, the crew could see Donald waving his arms as if to impel the vessel to greater speed, while the ghastly smile which played round his shrivelled lips, and his long hair streaming in the blast, to their superstitious fears appeared a symbol from heaven of their immediate destruction. Still for-

THE ORPHALINE ASYLUM.

The Orphan Asylum at Philadelphia, (says the Baltimore Morning Chronicle,) will shortly arise like the Phoenix, more glorious from its ashes. However we may lament the loss of the property contributed by the hand of benevolence and philanthropy, by the ravages of the fiery element, we have no cause in such cases to apprehend, that the benefits resulting from such an establishment will be finally lost. Such melancholy catastrophes constitute so powerful an appeal to public sensibility, that every heart feels the pressure, and every hand is extended for contribution.

We have a Female Orphaline establishment in Baltimore; it has held on the quiet unpresuming tenor of its way for several years, and has been constantly devoted to the exercise of unostentatious benevolence. It has been employed in the education of those unhappy children of the softer sex, who are bereft of their parents, and patiently in the performance of a christian duty, supplies the wants occasioned by the king of terrors. Now, if this little establishment had encountered a similar calamity, if it had been burnt to ashes with the tenants of its hospitality, how soon would public enthusiasm and sensibility have reared a magnificent fabric on its ruins?

But this establishment has not, thanks to our Creator, required such an awful stimulus to awaken public benevolence. It has wrought its way silently and gradually, but we trust permanently and effectually into notice. Like the silent but effective influence of a good and virtuous character, it steals upon the hearts of all degrees, and grows more luminous the more it is examined. Converts gained in this way, prove steady and stedfast friends, either in public or in private life; friends, whose confidence and assistance may be calculated on, as well in the hour of adversity, as in the blaze of prosperity. It is a partnership, an intercommunity of soul, that binds with cords of adamant. This is a treasure, of which we cannot be deprived, except that we prove ourselves by our actions, unworthy of its possession. As an evidence that our Orphaline establishment has been thus working its way, we will state this fact, that the managers contemplate the erection of a building, and that they received a spontaneous offer of a donation of one thousand dollars, whenever they are ready to commence their operations.

THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIER.

A STORY.

There is a certain principal of *obacurity*, that accommodates the events in history and tradition, and the half-remembered transactions of childhood, to the poet's lyre. Too much truth seems to blight the aspirations of fancy: facts must be remodelled in the cast of the imagination, before they can partake of the sublimity of fiction.

Our own country abounds with incidents, as well traditionary as recorded, that are continually soliciting the mind of fancy to describe them; and even the events and the agents in our revolutionary struggle, have already put on an autumnal character—fast fading from our remembrance; and in proportion as they cease to be familiar, do they increase in dignity and importance. The actors of that glorious epoch are, one after another, stealing silently to the grave; and, in a few years, not an eye-witness will be left to the declaration of independence, or the retreat of our desponding forces across the Delaware! How much cherished and venerated will be, in a little time, the solitary individual who shall survive his compatriot witnesses of those great events! The soldier who fought at Breed's Hill, or at Saratoga, will be honored by posterity as the patriarch of the republic. Among those who have departed, and even among the broken down, hopeless relics of the army, there was much to arrest the imagination, and to delight the mind in retrospect. I remember, when a child, to have my attention attracted towards several of those forlorn pilgrims to eternity, who have now sunk into the tomb forgotten; many of them bore the scars of the great cause, to remind their country, that they had deserved well of the bounties she might be disposed to bestow on them. It is the fate of war to make many beggars among those enlisted under her banner, and for thirty years after the revolution, the maimed soldier was the most common subject of charity that asked a pittance at your door. Hundreds of foreigners, that had either become connected with our army by the chances of war, or had been left behind on the evacuation of the British troops, were to be seen, strolling through the villages of the interior, in wretchedness; incapable of imitating the natives in returning from the tented field to the pursuits of agriculture, or of relinquishing the habits of the soldier for the toils of the woodman.

There was, in my childhood, among these unhappy sufferers, a man called by the villagers, and known among the children of the neighbourhood—and children, from whatever cause, seem ever to take deeper interest in such matters—by the name of Philip, the Prussian. He had been attached to the Hessian mercenaries sent out here to aid in subjugating the colonies, and after the memorable slaughter at Red Bank, had deserted to the American camp. On the termination of the war, he wandered about the villages of New-England; and, although he received at every door he knocked at, a hearty welcome, and a generous supply to his wants, Philip was never known to ask either.—For more than twenty years, he marched his regular rounds through half a dozen towns in Connecticut, and as regular as day succeeded to night, with his pack thrown over his shoulders to renew his unwearied marchings, and ever-constant visitings. The houses of officers under whom he had served, were the places of his resort, where he enjoyed something like what the ancient feudatories in Europe partook, under the roof of their liege lords; for military government is completely despotic, and the soldier, on being disbanded, could entertain no other feelings towards his former commander, than those of a vassal towards his superior. I can even now seem to see the little soldier trudging along the highway, with hasty steps, and bending head, with no other com-

panion than his pipe, and his oaken staff.—There was not a child to whom he was not known, as well on account of the singularity of his appearance as by the kindness of his demeanour. Partial to his former pursuits, perhaps from their having formed the profession of his youth, he still wore the remnant of his military uniform—an Hussar coat, and the remains of a cap, that had once been surmounted with bear-skin, projecting its front piece over his small, animated grey eyes, and shaggy brows. His valise, which had once been a soldier's knapsack, was attached, in a manner peculiar to himself, to his forehead. His pipe, constantly in his mouth, vomiting forth clouds of smoke, and, when he would renew its fuel, he paused under the shade of the wide spreading oaks, by the road side, and if occasion demanded rest to his wearied limbs, he stretched himself to repose beneath their canopy.

In the early settlement of N. England, certain trees distinguished by their size and beauty were reserved from the general destruction of the forest for land-marks, and expositors of boundaries. In the scene of poor Philip's wanderings, there were many of these venerable trees stretching their wide-extended arms over the roads, and inviting to repose the traveller and pilgrim.

One of the solitary survivors of the woods, which had reigned with its progenitors for centuries—aye, many centuries, in undisturbed dominion of the soil—spread its exuberant foliage on every side, at the corner of two roads; its branches stretched forth from the parent trunk in every direction, like a radii from a common centre.—

Here the remnant of the Indian tribes, which dwelt in the neighbourhood, were accustomed, when passing on their hunting excursions from the valleys of the south to the wilds of the north, to repose themselves in the shade—perhaps, through a secret sympathy springing from similarity of fortune.

This venerable survivor of the ancient forest, has long since shared the fate of its youthful contemporaries; but, even now, it is no uncommon spectacle, to witness the Indians lumbering upon the green carpet by the remains of the old oak's trunk! Here, too, the little Prussian soldier was accustomed to refresh himself, after a toilsome march beneath a summer's sun. How often have I crept behind the wall, screened from the traveller's view, and peeped through the crevices to see him light his pipe, with his magical flint and steel! and listened to his tremulous voice, as he sang in solitude some martial air in his native tongue; perhaps, revolving on the incidents of infancy! Poor Philip! he has long since rejoined the companions of his childhood! His head, whitened with the frosts of seventy winters, and bowed down with the toils of war, has long since reposed, for the last time, on the lap of its parent earth!

Whether his adopted country provided for his maintenance I know not: but his military habits would not have permitted him to be stationary, had he been blessed with a place where to lay his head; at least in summer—and, perhaps, the same habits reconciled him to the confinement of winter. But, so soon as the ice dissolved before the returning sun, and the cowslip put forth its blossoms by the streamlet's side, the little soldier renewed his journeying campaign, and was hailed by the villagers as the harbinger of spring! That spring, at last, returning for the twentieth time, since he commenced his solitary wanderings, brought with it poor Philip no more!

[For the *Saturday Evening Post*.]

THE SERENADE.

The moon is coursing thro' the sky,
And on the lattice beams, my love;
Oh! may her varying glances dye
With pleasure all thy dreams, my love.

On forests dark, on flowery lea,
She sheds her silvery ray, my love;
And far the earth-born vapours flee
Before the moon of May, my love.

Arise, arise, my gentle fair,
Thy lover waits thy sight, my love;
Swift to thy favorite bower repair,
For soon will close the night, my love.

The moon is sinking in the sky,
And early dawns the day, my love;
The night-bird's songs in silence die,
Arise, and come away, my love.

The above lines were sung with a touching expression, as I approached a beautiful country seat at a short distance from the city. A stillness, as of a grave, rested on the earth, uninterfered save by the rich swell of the serenader's voice, which the vagrant breeze swept by my ear. There was something magical in it—the romantic wooing of the lover, thus addressing his mistress when all the world else was wrapped in sleep; the lady herself leaning from the window, to watch the expression of the musician's countenance; the rich odour the passing zephyr bore upon its wing; the scarcely heard dash of a distant waterfall, all combined to carry my imagination to other days. My fancy, ever on the alert to catch an extravagant idea, instantly transformed the lover into one of those fearless cavaliers of yore, who would storm castles, battle with whole legions, and venture any hazardous enterprize to obtain the favour of his mistress. The lady at the window, appeared an imprisoned damsel, gazing from the "donjon keep" of some persecuting admirer on the futile attempts of her lover to her rescue.—My fancy pictured the lord of the castle haughtily interrogating the intruder in his domains, and I could distinctly hear the still haughtier reply.—In a moment the swords leaped from their scabbards, and the parties were engaged in mortal combat. The lover prevailed, for he had driven his adversary to the earth, and raised his sword to perforate his bosom, when I rushed forward and seized it——

The illusion vanished, and my surprise was only equalled by my embarrassment, when I perceived I had wrested a *flute* from the hands of the serenader, which returning, with as good an apology as the case would admit of, I hastened home.

RAYMOND.

THE SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM.

A new farce under the above title, has been produced in London, with very unrivalled success. The managers of the Prune street Theatre, have brought it out, among a variety of other original and novel drama, at that house. It is truly gratifying to every American reader, that the productions of his own enlightened countrymen, should afford subjects for British Dramatists to avail themselves of, to enrich their Theatrical catalogue, and to augment the list of their dramatised poems.— The following extract from the preface of W. T. Moncrieff, the author of the "SPECTRE BRIDEGROOM," will show to whom he is indebted for the ground work of his last Drama.

"This farce owes its birth to a story of the same name, in that beautiful piece of ENAMEL writing (if I may be allowed the expression) "THE SKETCH BOOK." This subject was pointed out to me as affording excellent materials for a melo-drama, by Mr. Bannister. I took the liberty of differing from this inimitable comedian, in conceiving it more adapted to the purposes of Farce, possibly from remembering the original French story, on which Mr. (WASHINGTON) IRVING, founded his narrative, and which I should have dramatised long since, could I again have met with it."

It may be known to the reader, that the "SKETCH BOOK," is written by our distinguished countryman in England, and sent here in manuscript for publication, whence it finds its way back to Europe. The Farce was first printed in July of the present year. The characters were last night sustained with great effect by Messrs. Monier, Morrison, Porter, Herbert, Simpson, and Misses K. and C. Durang.

We perceive it is announced for a second representation this evening.

[For the *Saturday Evening Post*.]

THE VILLAGE BRIDAL.

“The kirk is deck’d at morning tide,
“The tapers glimmer fair;
“The Priest and Bridegroom wait the bride,
“And dame and knight are there.”—

The first glance of the morning had tipped with gold the loftiest trees of the forest, the glittering foliage quivered in the sun-beam, the far off tolling from the parish church hung listlessly on the ear, and all nature appeared sunk in the vacant indolence so peculiar to a summer morning in our “country of the sun.”

As I strolled languidly up the little valley, in the bosom of which, hardly discernible from the density of the grove by which it was surrounded, stood the church, sometimes pausing to listen to the melody of the lark, who, perched upon a tree, carroll’d blithely to the rising sun. The notes reverberated along the valley and filled it with music, occasionally interrupted by the melancholy scream of the bittern, who flew far over us bending his solitary course to his mountain home, until the pale fac’d moon, the queen of night, should again resume her empire in the heavens.

The God of the harvest had shed his blessings upon the land, the field groaned beneath the waving grain, and the fruit tree bent under its load.

On entering the church, I conjectured, from the flowers with which the altar was fancifully ornamented, that a marriage was to be solemnized—nor was the idea erroneous, for the party now were approaching.

The Bride, a beautiful young lady of eighteen years, was led by her father to the foot of the altar—A wreath of roses, intermingled with lilies, were entwined in her auburn hair, which lay on her ivory neck in rich ringlets, while the expression of her countenance seemed to mock the splendour of the scene. The pallid hue of care was there, and her swollen eye-lids appeared hardly capable of repressing the tears which struggled for a passage. My heart rose to my lips at the sight of the “lamb led to the sacrifice.”

At this moment the Bridegroom appeared—his age could not have been under fifty, and his countenance betrayed the existence within him of every passion calculated to chill the warm heart of a susceptible girl. A physiognomist would read legibly engraven there, irritability, avarice, jealousy. But he was rich—the lady was in poverty, and her father believed gold to be the only thing essential.

As the venerable priest pronounced the benediction, a convulsive groan from the opposite aisle drew my attention. The person from whom it proceeded, reclined against a pillar, enveloped in a mantle, regarding the ceremony with the most earnest attention. The mournful sound had also attracted the notice of the poor Bride, who, after casting a hasty glance in the direction, shrieked and fainted. She was speedily recovered, and the marriage rites concluded—the pageant left the church, while I lingered behind, deeply pondering on the scene I had witnessed.

On enquiry at the village, I was informed briefly, Adolph, the man whose agony I had witnessed, was long a favoured lover of the Bride, but the stern fiat of her father had not only forbidden their union, but had compelled her marriage with the wealthy

dotard who courted her acceptance.—

The evening after the ceremony Adolph suddenly disappeared, and I prosecuted my journey.

Scarcely a twelvemonth had elapsed ere my vagrant disposition led me again to the same village. Again Ceres waved her golden arms o’er the fertile earth, and again the dull lengthened chime from the church summoned me thither. But how differently the peal broke upon the ear—before, it was the tolling of joy and revelry; it was now the knell which ushered a fellow being to the tomb—It was the funeral of the lady whose marriage I had witnessed under the same roof. She had meekly submitted to the commands of her parent, and wedded the object of her detestation.—Broken hearted at the loss of her lover, the worm of despair had revelled in her heart, and she gladly hailed the harbinger of dissolution.—The coffin rested on the foot of the altar where I had seen her kneeling—and her father, writhing under the punishment of his own reflections, leaned against the very pillar which had supported Adolph.

As the coffin was consigned to the earth, a door on the opposite side of the building flew open, and a man rushed wildly up the aisle, and gazing convulsively for a moment in the grave, precipitated himself into it. He was taken to the village, and every attention paid him, but in vain—He expired the same evening, and was buried in the grave of his Amelia. It was Adolph.

RAYMOND.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

SKETCHES—No. III.

THE VILLAGE GRAVE YARD.

"Beneath those rugged elms, that yew trees shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring
heap,
Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."
GRAY.

It was during one of those little summer country excursions which the citizen so frequently enjoys away from the bustle of town, that I chanced to stop at the small hamlet of —, about 50 miles from Philadelphia. The morning was fine and breezy, and every thing about the domestic spot, seemed calculated to promote felicity. The village, I observed, was remarkably silent, and many houses were closed. I had yet some distance to go, but my attention was rivetted to the place, and I determined to sojourn there the remainder of the day. About 20 houses, and a little antiquated stone church, with a steeple, were all the village consisted of. Many names of the last century were engraved on the venerable old building, and I could not refrain from contemplating these works, which, from their mutilated and time-worn appearance, and the date affixed to them, would indicate that their authors were now silently reposing in the dust—while, perhaps, their only inscriptions were the works of their own living hands.

I passed on to a neighbouring inn, and obtained some refreshments, after which I sauntered about the village, and adjacent parts of the country. I had not rambled far before I observed on a hill the tops of a few tomb stones, almost secluded by the drooping willows and clustering foliage which surrounded them. I hastened thither—it was the *Village Grave Yard*, and I observed a place already opened for the interment of another inhabitant of the consecrated abode of simplicity: I was alone, and gave myself up to one of those melancholy, but pleasing reveries which so often absorb the senses when we ruminate over the cemeteries of the dead. I had not indulged myself long in this strain before I was awakened from my lethargy by the knolling of the village church bell. There seemed to be something very plaintive and canorous in the sound. I know not whether it was from the pensive state of my feelings, and the peculiar solemnity of the place, but I thought they were the most impressive notes I ever heard. The interval of each was longer than usual, and the reverberation from the surrounding woods had a very melancholy effect. In about half an hour I could distinguish a hearse, followed by a little train, approaching from the village. They entered the grave yard, and after a pious and very appropriate address from the curate, the body was consigned to its kindred dust. The deepest sorrow was depicted on every countenance. Each couple regularly gave a final look on the grave, and they all departed except three or four interesting looking young girls, whose attention seemed particularly engaged with the ceremony. The sexton had not finished filling up the grave, when one of the little miscreants to whom

nions, "Let us go to the grave of poor Mary." They all immediately followed to a remote part of the yard, shaded from the eye of the passing stranger by a neat bower entwined with tendrils and honeysuckles. Impelled by curiosity, my footsteps unconsciously directed me to the place, where I beheld a head-stone which was filled with the following inscription:

"Sacred
to the Memory of
MARY WILSON.
She was a dutiful daughter—an affectionate sister,
and an amiable companion.
She reposed in the arms of her Saviour
May 3d, 1819—aged 12 years.

*The youthful bud that's nipt in early time,
Dies but to bloom in some more genial clime."*

I distinctly heard some of them repeat the inscription several times over, and as they reiterated the name of "Poor Mary," I observed them wipe their eyes, as evidence of their unalienable affection for their departed friend. Their attention seemed to be immovably fixed upon the memorial of the virtues of the tenant of the little heap, and the chaste epitaph which followed it. I read their feelings in their looks; and as I watched them a tear trickled down upon my hand. My feelings were blended with theirs; and although I had never known the object that elicited their grief, still an involuntary emotion overcame me at the affecting sight, connected with the brief description of the qualities of one so amiable. The young company left the spot, and as they passed me, I observed the couple on the tombstone was neatly marked on several of their handkerchiefs. The sexton retired soon after, and left me the only living inhabitant of the place, save the songsters which perched themselves upon the overhanging boughs, and the little insects that sported along the grass.

I received an important lesson from the little incident that had just occurred. I had often thought there was a great deal of idle pageantry and vanity in a high-sounding description on a tombstone,—that it was but an empty tribute to the silent dead, which they are neither sensible of, nor profit by. I had at first, indeed, indulged in the sentiment many, that even the bare name carved on a grave stone is vain and unnecessary. My opinion was now entirely reversed. I was convinced—fully convinced, by the fact I had just witnessed in the minds of the children, that such inscriptions are not only consolatory to the friends and relatives of the deceased, but that they give them a relish and desire to improve in the same virtues. It has been emphatically and truly said, that "*by honouring the dead we excite the emulation of the living.*" And the maxim was strongly exemplified in the present case. In weeping over the grave of a departed friend, a short detail of his virtues always sweetens the retrospect of his worth, and leads us to appreciate good qualities with more emulation in future. The grave awakens many moral reflections—a sacred epitaph many inherent virtues. A monumental inscription seems like a voice from the shades of eternity. It is a serious admonition from a serious monitor. It informs the young and virtuous, that "*The youthful bud that's nipt in early time,
Dies but to bloom in some more genial clime.*"
JULY 12th, 1822. PASQUIN.

court admiration; while, as “sunny smiles” would pass over her face a thousand little charms seemed to break forth from their concealment.

When the amusements had concluded, they took the path to the village chapel, accompanied by a train of relatives and friends, while I also followed close in the rear. The holy father was ready with his book—the youth led the trembling maid to the altar, and as she breathed forth her responses, I never heard a voice so melodious—it was soft as “summer winds,” and “tender as the sound of love.”

* * * * * I had tarried too long—I hastened from the enchantress, wondering within myself how any human being could resist woman’s matchless charms. R. E.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

THE BRIDAL;
OR, THE VILLAGE FESTIVAL

It was during my tour in France, that I passed through the village of T——, not many miles distant from Paris. Rosy tinted morn had not long glowed in the east—the dew of heaven yet sparkled upon the ground—the feathered songsters still melodiously warbled their matin hymn of gratitude and praise:—and the opening flowers casting their fragrance upon the bosom of the passing zephyr, scented the air with their sweets. I had set out early in order to gain the city before the meridian sun interposed its rays to rob expansive nature of her charms. As I proceeded, all at once,

————— “A breathing sound
Rose like a stream of rich distilled perfumes,
And stole upon the ear.”

I turned me round, and on a green sward observed a number of peasants of both sexes, bedecked in their holiday clothes, dancing to the merry notes of the guitar and tamborine. I dismounted from my horse, and giving him in charge of a boy at the road-side, repaired to the spot to take a more minute survey of the joyful assemblage. As I approached near, I was saluted by an elderly and venerable personage, (likely, the master of the ceremonies,) who, while he bade me welcome, informed me that they were celebrating the annual festival of their Hamlet, which, on this occasion, was rendered unusually attractive in consequence of a wedding that was about to take place. I had not long been a spectator, before I readily distinguished the youthful bride and bridegroom. The latter appeared, like Apollo, tall, finely formed, and graceful in all his movements, with a countenance which bespoke the felicity that awaited him, and which was reflected from a quick, pleasing and animated pair of sparkling eyes.—But the bride—the perfect model of loveliness—she could not have numbered more than seventeen summers—her skin like alabaster, and on her cheek the blushing rose and lily dwelt,

————— “Whose red and white,
Nature’s own sweet and cunning hand laid on.”

Her deportment was easy and modest and seemed to retire from rather than

THE YOUNG LOVERS.

EXTRACT FROM BRACEBRIDGE HALL.

"To a man who is a little of a philosopher, and a bachelor to boot, and who, by dint of some experience in the follies of life, begins to look with a learned eye upon the ways of man and eke of woman;—to such a man, I say, there is something very entertaining in noticing the conduct of a pair of young lovers. It may not be as grave and scientific a study as the loves of the plants; but it is certainly interesting.—I have therefore derived much pleasure since my arrival at the Hall, from observing the fair Julia and her lover. She has all the delightful blushing consciousness of an artless girl, inexperienced in coquetry, who has made her first conquest; while the captain regards her with that mixture of fondness and exultation, with which a youthful lover is apt to contemplate so beauteous a prize. I observed them yesterday in the garden advancing along one of the retired walks. The sun was shining with delicious warmth, making great masses of bright verdure and deep blue shade. The cuckoo, that harbinger of spring, was faintly heard from a distance; the thrush piped from the hawthorn, and the yellow butterflies sported and toyed and fluttered in the air. The fair Julia was leaning on her lover's arm, listening to his conversation, with her eyes cast down, a soft blush upon her cheek, and a quiet smile on her lips: while in the hand that hung negligent by her side was a bunch of flowers. In this way they were sauntering slowly along, and when I considered them, and the scene in which they were moving, I could not but think it a thousand pities that the season should ever grow older, or that blossoms should give way to fruit, or that lovers should ever get married."

A TROUBLESOME COMPANION

The following descriptive remarks were published in a foreign journal—and, as we are certain that the breed is not entirely confined to exotic climes, the republication of it in our paper may serve as a mirror whereby the troublesome companion may view his ugly features:

Did you ever meet with a man whose brains are in his pocket, whose logic is a bottle, and all whose decisions are wagers? If you have, you will have some idea of a very worthy gentleman who disturbs the peace of our little evening club, by giving no answer that has not a *bet* at the tail of it. If you say, we have good news from abroad, he lays a bottle that the news are bad. If you hint that they are bad, he offers a bottle that they are good. In this way he goes about the room for hours together, chincking his arguments in his pocket, and referring every question of politics, law, or trade, to the unanswerable decision of *two* and *sixpence*. No man can open his mouth without risking a bottle with this *wager hunter*. If you ever drink his health, he'll lay you a bottle that he is the healthiest man in the room: if you stir the fire, he bets a bottle you will put it out. Nay, it was but lately, that, on going away, I bid him good night, and he offered to lay a bottle that it was morning. Another time, when I helped him on with his great coat, he laid me a bottle that I could not tell who made it. There is no contending, you perceive, with such a logician as this; and our club have had several meetings to consider what is to be done. We are a plain, sober, orderly kind of people, who meet to discuss the business of the day in a cool, argumentive way; but it is very hard, Sir, that a man cannot risk an opinion for less than *half a crown*. It has been suggested by a very sagacious member, who sees much further into a mill-stone than most of us, that this *two* and *six penny* reasoner, this *silver tongued* orator, is under articles with the landlord for the more speedy consumption of his port wine, and that he has ten per cent. on every decision which he pours down our throats. But this probably may be scandal—O! here he comes—and quite in character—for he proposes a bottle that he knows what I have been writing—and so he may if you please.

I am, Sir, yours,

NO WAGER-MONGER.

more repulsive majesty of her person, which though it inspired pleasure and admiration, served to create an ideal awe in those who might approach too unreverently the shrine of their devotions: and there was cast over her every feature that charm of innocence, which seemed like the mantle of virtue thrown over one of her most favoured votaries. Her intelligent blue eyes were the faithful mirrors of her polished mind, and reflected that lustre and purity of soul which was hers so pre-eminently, and which was manifest in every action of her unspotted life.

It happened in the Spring of —, that a party of soldiers passed through the village, on their way to a distant town, where they intended to quarter, and that a young officer of the party, when the men had halted on their march to refresh themselves, rode immediately from the ranks and proceeded to the house that contained the family of the Somertons. Mounted on a gallant charger, and completely equipped *en militaire*, he moved along with a commandingness of deportment and nobility of action, that completely astonished the simple and wonder-struck villagers, and drew frequent gazes of attention from many whose admiration was as flattering to its object's vanity as involuntary in themselves.

(To be continued.)

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Guilt triumphant over Innocence,
OR THE
STORY OF EMMA SOMERTON.

If to awaken the sympathy of the heart in another, and to elicit the noblest feelings that heart can boast, be an object whereon language were well bestowed, it is to be hoped that the following tale will not be unacceptable to a class of your readers, to whose sensibility it is particularly addressed.

In a romantic village in the North of England, which health might have chosen as her habitation, and content as her resting place, there resided a family whose melancholy destiny, though long unmourned, now claims the willing tribute of my pen. Everard Somerton had long since past the meridian of life:—calmly mellowing into that grave and quiet deportment that attend the steps of age, and marks the maturity of character when the effervescence of youth and spirits have flown, he appeared the vision of the by-gone age, and the memento of former times. I have hung with enthusiastic eagerness upon the narratives of his youth, and have heard him recount his adventures while in the hey-day of his blood, with all that avidity which youth delights in while catching the accents of truth and experience. In his early life he had been unfortunate, and to this favoured spot of nature he had retired, carrying with him the only relics of his house, two beloved grand-children, with whom he wished to spend the remainder of his life in all that delight which arises from the harmony of feelings, and the pleasures of reciprocal affection.

As the oak in the forest, so was he in the village, which felt and acknowledged the influence of his precept and the power of his protection. He was universally beloved by his inferiors, and the suavity of his manners endeared him to those with whom too often virtue is no recommendation, nor goodness of heart any security from the inveteracy of malice, or the arrows of detraction.

Deprived of their natural parents in early life, Theodore and Emma had long been accustomed to consider the venerable Everard as their parent, and the recollection of the endearing accents that had once been lisped to those more entitled to that appellation, was now entirely banished, and even remembrance claimed not a sigh from them to embitter the present, or make them acknowledge that deprivation, they had now by reason of their grandfather's affection, so little cause to deplore. With a mind highly endued with the brightest natural faculties, and chastened by education, and the prevailing example of his grand-sire, Theodore was at once the pride and ornament of the village youths: his superiority, because involuntary, was never overbearing, and was as frequently his recommendation, where it was the most conspicuous, as allowed and acknowledged by those who could best appreciate it.

The writers of romance in general, disclaim language, when attempting to portray perfection, and leave more to the reader's imagination than they attempt to express by the power of their pen; notwithstanding that this is an elegant compliment, and every way worthy such writers, yet is it an example I would fain avoid, could I hope to produce an array of language, that should speak the full-felt sentiments of my heart.—But to quit this involuntary digression, let me turn at once to the fair and amiable sister of the favoured Theodore, the delight and comfort of her sire's declining days.

Like the rose of the morning, that blows in the freshness of beauty, and charms the senses with its delightful fragrance, and the tempting perfection of its glowing hues, so the beautiful Emma expanded to the world. I have seldom seen a face so fair, or a form in which elegance and dignity were so fully combined as that which graced the lovely Emma; and the accomplishments of her mind vied only with the perfection of her person, combining indeed in one blaze of beauty, all that can please or captivate the heart,—sure preventatives, I had once thought, to the unhallowed gaze of libertinism, or the approach of lawless passion; alas! that I should now have to deplore their destroying influence! Sweet emblem of purity! though I mourn thy lot, yet shall my pen boast inspiration while speaking thy praise, and though lowly its accents, yet sincerity shall mark them—for to know thee and not own thee all loveliness, were denying the effulgence of the glorious orb of day!

Emma was but young, for the roses of eighteen had hardly spread themselves on her cheek: in person she was rather above the middle size; her face was adorned with an expression and beauty that might have served the painter as a model for portraying a Hebe, and the chissel of the statuary might have borrowed inspiration from the exquisite symmetry of her form. A certain winning mildness in her eyes was counteracted by the